

A Little BOY Lost

Nought loves another as itself
Nor venerates another so.
Nor is it possible to thought
A greater than itself to know.

And Father, how can I love you,
Or any of my brothers more?
I love you like the little bird
That picks up crumbs around the door.

The Priest sat by and heard the child
In trembling zeal he seized his hair;
He led him by his little coat:
And all admired the Priestly care.

And standing on the altar high
Lo what a fiend is here! said he
One who sets reason up for judge
Of our most holy Mystery.

The weeping child could not be heard.
The weeping parents wept in vain.
They striped him to his little shirt.
And bound him in an iron chain.

And burnt him in a holy place
Where many had been burnt before:
The weeping parents wept in vain.
Are such things done on Albion's shore?

